

"BOBBY'S BRAIN

Written by

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

BOBBY - Late twenties. Nice looking. Confused.

HOST - Outgoing, enthusiastic. Personality of a game show host.

REP - The Reptilian part of Bobby's brain. Constantly horny but without the gift of speech. Mostly grunts.

AMYGDALA - The part of Bobby's brain who is always scoping out women. Thinks a lot of himself. Dresses the part.

CORT - The sensible part of Bobby's brain. Glasses, suit, carries a computer tablet.

ALICE - Bobby's love interest.

ALICE'S REP - The reptilian part of Alice's brain. Heels, short skirt, wild hair. Constantly horny. Speaks in grunts.

ALICE'S AMYGDALA - Sexy, smoldering. Scoping out the men.

COURTNEY - The sensible part of Alice's brain. Business suit, glasses, hair pulled back in bun, carries a computer tablet.

FIRST GIRL

SECOND GIRL

THIRD GIRL

FOURTH GIRL

CASTING NOTE: FIRST GIRL, SECOND GIRL, THIRD GIRL, FOURTH GIRL SHOULD ALSO DOUBLE AS ALICE, ALICE'S REP, ALICE'S AMYGDALA AND COURTNEY.

"BOBBY'S BRAIN"

BY BRUCE KANE

LIGHTS UP:

(The HOST enters, takes a moment
and then addresses the audience)

HOST

The male brain. Two words considered by some to be an oxymoron. A contradiction in terms. Two words that should never appear back to back in the same sentence. Be that as it may ladies, tonight we are going to take you on a journey into the undiscovered depths of that dark abyss known... known as the "male brain." During the next few minutes we will explore how the male brain relates, or, if you will, doesn't relate to the female brain. As you can see, we have our work cut out for us. So, let's get started.

(calls off stage)

Sir, would you please come out.

(Bobby enters
nervously)

Please tell everyone your name.

BOBBY

Bobby. My name is Bobby.

HOST

(to audience)

How about a nice hand for Bobby here.

(to Bobby)

Thank you for agreeing to do this.

BOBBY

Sure.

HOST

Tell me, Bobby... would you consider yourself to be a normal male?

BOBBY

I guess so.

HOST

I guess so. The typical noncommittal response. You are definitely a normal male. Perfect. Now, Bobby, you are single. Is that correct?

BOBBY

Yes, I am.

HOST
Haven't found the right girl.

BOBBY
I guess not.

HOST
Is it safe to say that when it comes to romantic relationships, you've been up to bat on several occasions?

BOBBY
You could say that.

HOST
And struck out every time.

BOBBY
I wouldn't...

HOST
Of course you wouldn't. You're a...
(in finger quotes)
"normal male." Would it be safe to say you've never crossed home plate. Or, even got to second base for that matter.

BOBBY
Hey, hold on there.

HOST
It's okay. No need to get defensive. You're not to blame.

BOBBY
Really?

HOST
As we will see, the problem lies right up here...
(points to Bobby's head)
...in your brain. You're simply a victim of what I like to call...
(pause for emphasis)
"evolution."

BOBBY
What's evolution got to do with it?

HOST
A Tina Turner fan I see. Y'see, Bobby, evolution is a lot like a Windows computer. Even though you got the latest upgrade, you still have to deal with all the crap from the previous versions. Let me show you what I mean. Fellas, you want to come out?

(REP LUMBERS IN. AMYGDALA STRUTS
IN. CORT ENTERS CARRYING A COMPUTER
TABLET)

BOBBY

Who are these guys?

HOST

These "guys" happen to be three very important parts of your brain.

BOBBY

You're joking.

HOST

(puts his arm around
Rep)

I'm quite serious. Meet Rep your reptilian brain.

BOBBY

(confused)

I have a reptiles brain?

HOST

In part, we all do. It's the oldest portion of the your brain and the most primitive. Rep here has no language. No filters. Only blind instinct. He is all about survival, fear, hate, contentment and lust, but not least... lust.

(Rep grunts)

Basically all he wants to do is reproduce. And he isn't particular with whom.

(Rep grunts at women in audience)

HOST

Rep... Rep... No... No... Back. Back.

(Rep calms down. Host
feeds him a treat
which he will do
from time to time.)

Good boy. Now, let me introduce you to Amygdala.

BOBBY

Amig...?

HOST

Amygdala. He is the next step up the evolutionary ladder from Rep here.

AMYGDALA

(cocky, to woman in audience)

Hello, sweetheart. Did anyone ever tell you that you have incredible... well... everything.

HOST

And much like Rep, he is also what you might call... "goal oriented."

AMYGDALA

Oh yeah.

(points at the Woman in the audience and indicates he has his eyes on her.)

Now, here... This is Cort. He is your pre-frontal cortex.

BOBBY

Pre?

HOST

Frontal cortex. Cort exists at the very top of the evolutionary chain.

(Cort nods proudly)

He provides, what you might call, the executive function in the brain.

BOBBY

I have no idea what you're talking about.

HOST

He's sort of like a CEO. He acts as a civilizing filter. He differentiates among conflicting thoughts. Determines good from bad. Basically, he provides social control.

AMYGDALA

In other words... he's a buzz kill.

HOST

Everything about every woman you've ever encountered is stored right up there in your brain and Cort has access to it.

AMYGDALA

(to Cort)

No wonder you have nightmares.

HOST

Now Cort has been going through all of your encounters with members of the opposite sex.

AMYGDALA

(to Cort)

My condolences, pal

HOST

Cort, tell our friend here what you've come up with.

CORT

Based on all the data I was able to access, I created an algorithm that cross references all women that have been part of your so called romantic life.

AMYGDALA

That couldn't have taken long.

CORT

I did this to eliminate as much of the guess work as we can when it comes to you forming a relationship with a female. My method provides for an orderly process of elimination.

BOBBY

What's he talking about? And what does Al Gore have to do with it?

HOST

Algorithm.

BOBBY

Whatever.

CORT

In terms even you might understand, I've created a rating system based on your past relationships. It allows us to make a prediction as to future compatibility, eliminating women with whom you have little or no chance.

AMYGDALA

(sarcastically)

That should narrow the field.

CORT

Surprisingly enough, it will not only narrow the field but help avoid any pain he might otherwise sustain.

BOBBY

Pain?? What pain?

CORT

Psychological... Physical.

BOBBY

Physical???

CORT
And, most importantly... financial.

HOST
(to audience)
Whaddya say, folks? Why don't we take this algorithm out for a spin?

BOBBY
(nervously)
Spin? What spin?

(Cort hands Bobby a list)

BOBBY
What's this?

CORT
A profile.

BOBBY
Of the woman of my dreams?

CORT
More like the woman least likely to rip your throat out.

HOST
And we've selected four candidates that we feel meet your specific criteria.

BOBBY
Candidates? What candidates? You didn't say anything about candidates.

HOST
Trust me. Trust me. Will our first candidate come out please.

(FIRST GIRL ENTERS. Rep starts grunting. First Girl approaches Bobby, looks him over head to toe, shakes her head, turns and exits.

BOBBY
What just happened??

CORT
(confused)
According to my numbers you two should be a very close match.

AMYGDALA
(to Bobby)

Nice going.

BOBBY

I didn't do anything.

AMYGDALA

Not for her, anyway.

HOST

Let's give the wheel another spin. Candidate number two, will you please come out.

(SECOND GIRL enters. Rep grunts loudly)

AMYGDALA
(to Bobby)

Just be cool. Okay... Cool.

(to audience)

Look who I'm talking to.

BOBBY
(to Second Girl)

Nice to meet you.

(SECOND GIRL throws up her hands in disgust, turns and exits)

BOBBY

What? All I said was "nice to meet you."

AMYGDALA

That's no way to start things off. It's nice to meet you. She isn't here to buy a used car. You have to compliment a woman. Tell her how much you admire her... uh...

BOBBY

Her what?

AMYGDALA

It doesn't matter what. It's the thought that counts. Pick a body part.

CORT

According to the algorithm...

BOBBY

(really annoyed)

Yeah, I know we were perfect for each other.

HOST

Let's give it one more try. Whaddya say? Candidate Number Three.

(THIRD GIRL ENTERS. Again Rep begins grunting.)

AMYGDALA

(to Bobby)

Don't blow this. Whatever you do, please don't blow this.

HOST

And what is your name, please.

THIRD GIRL

Betty.

HOST

Betty... Bobby... Bobby...Betty.

(Amygdala nudges Bobby)

BOBBY

May I say how much I admire your... your... uh...

(Amygdala nods encouragement)

THIRD GIRL

Yes?

BOBBY

Your nose.

THIRD GIRL

My nose??? What's wrong with my nose.

BOBBY

You have a very lovely nose.

THIRD GIRL

(almost in tears)

You hate my nose.

(She wheels and exits)

AMYGDALA

Of all the wonderful bits and pieces you had to choose from, you had to go for nose?

BOBBY

She had a terrific nose. I told her that.

AMYGDALA

What world do you live in? No woman likes her nose.

BOBBY

How am I suppose to know that?

CORT

According to the profile...

BOBBY

Forget the profile. Forget Al Gore... Forget this whole damn thing. I'm outta...

(FOURTH GIRL enters.)

AMYGDALA

Whoa!

BOBBY

What?

AMYGDALA

(speaks slowly)

Turn around very slowly.

(Bobby's turns slowly. His jaw drops)

FOURTH GIRL

(flirtatiously)

Hi... My name is...

(pause for effect)

Amber.

(Rep is going nuts)

AMYGDALA

(orgasmically)

Amber... Amber... Amber.

BOBBY

My name is uh... uh...

AMBER

Yes?

BOBBY

Just give me a minute. I'll think of it.

HOST

And would you mind telling us what you do...

(pause for effect)

Amber?

AMBER

I'm a physical trainer.

(Rep starts grunting and rutting
like crazy.)

AMYGDALA

(to Rep)

I know. I know. Our dreams have been answered.

AMBER

(to Bobby)

And what is it that you do?

BOBBY

I'm a... a... I'm a... It's right on the tip of my tongue.

AMBER

You're cute.

BOBBY

You're pretty cute yourself.

AMYGDALA

(to Bobby)

Very good. You're getting the hang of this.

(to audience)

He's getting the hang of this.

(Bobby and Amber pantomime a very
engaged conversation as...)

AMYGDALA

Look at them, will you Cort? I hate to admit it, but I think
this algorithm thing is gonna work out after all.

CORT

Oh ye of little faith.

AMBER

(angrily)

Men! You're all alike!

(Turns and storms off)

AMYGDALA

(agitated)

What did you say? She was a physical trainer. A physical
trainer. The operative word being physical.

BOBBY

I didn't say anything.

HOST

Cort. Any explanation?

CORT

As near as I can determine, it seems we fell victim to the "point nine percent syndrome."

AMYGDALA

What the hell is the "point nine percent syndrome?"

CORT

According to the data, we had a ninety nine point one per cent chance of establishing a semi-permanent relationship with that woman.

BOBBY

Semi-permanent?

CORT

Like the rest of your relationships. One that lasts until she gets to know you.

BOBBY

You're saying that my problem with women lies somewhere in that point nine per cent.

CORT

It is one factor... among many.

BOBBY

I finally meet a woman who matches up perfectly in every category and, in no time, everything turns to crap.

CORT

I can only quantify data as it relates to your brain. But, I can't quantify the data in her brain.

BOBBY

Why not? How hard could it be to understand a woman's brain?

HOST

(to audience)

Okaayyy. This could take a while.

(to Bobby)

Bobby, how can I put this in the most basic terms? You have a man's brain.

BOBBY

Aren't you the master of the obvious?

HOST

And one man's brain is pretty much like every other man's brain. Simple, direct, uncomplicated. What we want and what we need, can be written out on a cocktail napkin.

BOBBY

What? You're saying a woman's brain is more complicated than a man's brain.

HOST

And that, my friend, is the understatement of the year. Of the decade. An observation that will go down in history as the understatement of understatements. An observation that will show up in Webster's dictionary as the definition of understatements.

BOBBY

All I said was...

HOST

(cuts him off)

Let me explain. Y'see, while a woman does have the equivalent of Amygdala here.

AMY

I knew there was something about them I liked. Aside from the obvious.

HOST

There is even a female version of Rep here.

(Rep grunts proudly)

AMYGDALA

Thank you evolution.

HOST

And there is even the female equivalent of Cort.

AMYGDALA

I knew there had to be a fly in the ointment.

HOST

A woman's reptilian brain wants to keep the species going as much a Rep here.

(Rep grunts happily)

And her amygdala is actively scouting around for just the right partner.

AMYGDALA

(to audience)

You learn something wonderful every day, don'tcha?

HOST

Now this is where Cort comes in or the female version of Cort.

AMYGDALA

And where the trouble begins.

HOST

It's very simple. It's the old quantity versus quality thing. Whereas the male brain is mostly interested in quantity, the female brain is mostly interested in quality.

CORT

Her pre-frontal cortex is constantly making judgments on a variety of variables whereas the male brain is only concerned with shape and size.

AMYGDALA

And the more shape and size the better.

(Rep grunts in agreement)

BOBBY

So, let me get this straight. For me to meet a woman with whom I can have a relationship that doesn't collapse somewhere around... "hello"...

CORT

You have to find a woman who is willing to overlook your many obvious shortcomings.

AMYGDALA

(angered)

Hey... Hold on there.

CORT

I was referring to personal attributes, not...

AMYGDALA

Okay... As long as we understand each other.

CORT

As a matter of fact, the human race hasn't survived because of Rep here or even Amygdala or even me for that matter.

HOST

Cort's right. The human race has only survived because, from the beginning of time, the female of the species has...
(pauses for effect)

BOBBY

Yes? Has what? What?

HOST

Been willing to lower her standards.

BOBBY

So all I have to do is find a woman who is willing to love me for who I am.

AMYGDALA

Boy, are we in trouble.

BOBBY

Maybe I should just become a monk.

(Rep gets very agitated)

AMYGDALA

Bite your tongue.

BOBBY

What's the point? Every relationship I have...

(ALICE ENTERS WITH HER VERSION OF
REP, AMYGDALA AND CORT.)

HOST

Hold on a minute. Who are you?

ALICE

My name is Alice.

HOST

Alice? Alice? Cort, do we have an Alice?

CORT

(checking his tablet)

No... None... All the other candidates, including Alice here, were eliminated a long time ago as being completely, totally and utterly incompatible.

(The two groups face off against each other. After a moment or two, the two reptilians start to move toward each other grunting and making inappropriate gestures. Bobby holds back his reptilian. Alice holds back her reptilian. The Amygdalas circle one another.)

ALICE'S AMYGDALA

Well, hello.

AMYGDALA

Hello, yourself.

ALICE'S AMYGDALA

And what do they call you, besides "cute buns."

AMYGDALA

Cute buns works for me.

BOBBY

Cort, what's going on?

CORT

(typing furiously)

I'm checking. I'm checking.

ALICE'S AMYGDALA

(to Amygdala)

So, what do you do? And can I do it with you?

(Runs her finger down his chest)

ALICE

(concerned)

Courtney?

COURTNEY

(types furiously on
her tablet)

None of this computes. I don't understand.

(Rep and Alice's Reptilian who have been grunting at each other, break free, rush at each other, jump into each other's arms and go at it furiously.)

HOST

Rep... Rep... Control yourself.

(Rep lifts up Alice's Rep and carries her off)

Rep, come back here!

ALICE'S AMYGDALA

(to Amygdala)

So, where are you from and why do I even care?

(She grabs Amygdala and kisses him long and hard. She picks up Amygdala and carries him off.)

HOST
This is getting completely out of hand.

Courtney!
ALICE

Cort!
BOBBY

(Courtney is typing furiously. Cort
responds by typing just as
furiously)

No.
CORT
(getting turned on)

Yes.
COURTNEY
(breathing heavily)

No... No...
CORT
(typing even faster)

(Courtney's tablet starts to
smoke.)

Yes. Yes.
COURTNEY

No... No... No.
CORT

Yes... Yes... Yes.
COURTNEY

(Cort loosens his tie)

Cort! What are you doing?
HOST

(Courtney lets her hair down)

Courtney! Courtney!
ALICE
(shocked)

(Cort's tablet begins to smoke)

Cort, your circuits are overheating.
BOBBY

CORT

Tell me about it.

(Tears off his jacket. Courtney undoes the top button on her blouse.)

ALICE

Courtney! You're supposed to be the sensible one.

COURTNEY

Screw that.

(Courtney rushes at Cort. They stumble off stage awkwardly trying to maintain a kiss. Bobby looks around for help)

BOBBY

(to Host)

What's going on?

HOST

Beats the hell outta me.

(Bobby and Alice lock eyes.)

BOBBY

(to Alice)

Do you know what's going on?

ALICE

(dreamily)

No.

(She takes a step toward Bobby)

BOBBY

According to all that Al Gore stuff, you and I are completely incompatible.

ALICE

(moves closer to Bobby)

Completely.

BOBBY

(Bobby moves closer)

Totally and completely incompatible

ALICE

(moves even closer)

Totally and completely.

BOBBY

(moves closer)

Totally, completely and utterly incompatible.

(Alice moves closer so their faces
are only inches apart.)

ALICE

(moves even closer)

Totally... Completely... And utterly.

BOBBY

Incompatible.

(For a very long time, they just
gaze into each other's eyes, not
saying anything until... the heads
of all the characters reappear from
both sides of the stage)

ALL THE CHARACTERS

For godsake, kiss the girl.

(Bobby and Alice fall into each
other's arms and kiss. All the
other characters let out a big sigh
and disappear. The kiss continues
as...)

HOST

Well... This was totally unexpected. The male brain. The
female brain. Profiles... Algorithms... History... Hair
color... Eye color... Height... Weight... Shoe size. When it
comes to boy girl relationships, you can toss all that stuff
out the window. It's all completely, totally and utterly
unpredictable... Random... Can strike anytime... anywhere.
It defies all logic. Which, when you get down to it, is a
pretty good description of what I like to call... "love."

(to Bobby and Alice)

You can stop now. We're done.

(kiss continues)

Bobby. Alice. Alice. Bobby.

(kiss continues)

We're turning off the lights.

(Lights go down, kiss
continues.)

They're closing the curtain.

(MORE)

HOST (cont'd)
(Curtain closes on
Bobby and Alice
still kissing)

HOST (O.S.)
(after a moment or
two)

You can stop now.

(after another
moment)

The audience is leaving.

(after another pause,
calls out)

Somebody got a bucket of water?

THE END